

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By G. W. Kingsbury.

JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1861.

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A LEGEND FROM THE BALTIMORE.

Toward the middle of the last century the peaceful inhabitants of the parish of Romsee, a secluded rural community on the shores of the Isle-Fjord, in the North-western part of the island of Seeland, were equally perplexed and alarmed by the sudden appearance of a large ship off their unfrequented coast, which kept cruising about the neighborhood for several days. As the majority of the inhabitants about Romsee consisted of a sea-faring population, the old sailors and fishermen were not long in finding out that the mysterious stranger was a mysterious man-of-war; but they were entirely at a loss how to account for her presence, as Denmark was at that time at peace with the whole world. After sundry consultations they went, according to custom, to their much respected pastor, a venerable old man, and begged of him to offer up prayers for their safety and preservation from any calamities that might possibly arise in consequence of this extraordinary phenomenon; for as such they could not help considering the strange apparition. It was not a long time, however, before these simple minds recovered their wonted equanimity; and most of them had ceased even to speculate about this event, when, in the middle of one of the following nights, the good pastor was roused from his quiet slumbers by repeated knocks at the door of his house. On first getting up he thought it was merely some message from one of his parishioners for him to come and baptize a newly born child, or to administer the last consolation to some dying person; but he was utterly confounded when, on getting to the door he perceived three strangers—an officer in uniform, accompanied by two marine soldiers, armed with loaded muskets. His heart failed him sadly; but, before he could recover from his surprise, the officer advanced, and, holding a written document in his hand, accosted him in good Danish, though with an unmistakably foreign accent. "My orders are," said he in a firm but courteous voice, "to conduct you instantly to your church, there to wed a couple, who are expecting your arrival. You must allow yourself to be led blindfolded by my men without hesitation or resistance, under the most solemn promise of eternal secrecy. If you object in the slightest degree to any of these conditions, I am commanded to shoot you on the spot."

There was no help but to obey; so the old man returned to his room, to finish dressing, and at the same time to tell his wife not to mind his absence. He then resigned himself into the hands of the strangers, by whom he was blindfolded and led to the church, which is situated in a lonely spot, at some distance from the village, not far from the shore, and surrounded by a little cemetery, planted with shrubs and trees. They led him away in silence, and the bandage was not removed from his eyes until he actually stood in the church, where he was still more bewildered by a strange scene. The whole place was brilliantly lighted up, and filled with people, but of a far different aspect from its habitual peaceful congregation—for they seemed to be nearly all warriors. The pews and the nave were filled with foreign marine soldiers and sailors, all in green uniform and fully armed, as if on parade or prepared for battle. In front of the altar stood the bridal couple, surrounded by a number of officers. The bridegroom had all the marks of a high bred man. He wore a richer uniform than the rest, had a star upon his breast, and seemed a young though sullen-looking man. The bride was a lovely lady with a rich dress, and she had an angelic countenance; but her beauty could not hide a sad expression and deadly pallor.

Such was the sight that dazzled the good pastor's eyes when he stood in the church. After he had been introduced to the bridal pair the officer who had conducted him thither, and who acted throughout as interpreter—for they all spoke a foreign, and to him unintelligible language—commanded him in the name of the bridegroom to take a solemn oath upon the Bible of unconditional compliance and eternal secrecy with regard to what was to be done, and what he might see upon the occasion. Although this proceeding was most irregular, there was no help for it but to obey. So the old clergyman swore tremblingly to what they exacted from him. After this he was made to solemnize the marriage—when there was produced a very elegant sort of certificate, such as is used for royal persons, which he himself, the bridegroom and bride, and their witnesses, signed in due form, instead of writing their names in the register of the church, as is the usage upon ordinary occasions.

Hereupon he was again blindfolded, and hurried back to his house by the same men who had brought him to the place, and there left with the injunction not to stir until the next morning. He was, however, too much excited to remain quiet; so he told his wife that he had only come back to fetch which he had previously forgotten, and then, in spite of his fears, crept out of doors again, and returned on a by-road to the neighborhood of the church, where he concealed himself unobserved behind the stone wall of the cemetery, among some bushes. From his hiding-place he could see that the mysterious congregation had not yet left the place.

The lights were still burning, and the people seemed to him occupied in chanting a kind of strange, but very solemn and melodious hymn, when, all of a sudden, he was startled by the report of a single shot fired within the building, and followed by one single piercing shriek. Then all was still; the lights were extinguished; and, some time after, he perceived that a silent procession began to move from the church towards the neighboring seashore. But he was too frightened to see or remember more, and returned home by the same road he had last come by, as soon as it was safe for him to move.

On the following morning he, as a matter of course, immediately repaired to the church, in order to discover if possible, a clue to this strange event, and to try and find out something about the tragedy which he suspected to have been enacted whilst he was listening from his hiding place to what appeared to be, and could have been, nothing else than a most sinister deed. But, on a first inspection, every trace of the scene of the preceding night seemed to him to have been utterly vanished as if the whole had been a mere dream. Without wishing or daring to violate his involuntary oath, he could not, however, resist the temptation of availing himself of the aid of his sexton, an old and trustworthy man, who, besides his communal office, had for many years held the position of a confidential servant to the good pastor. From this circumstance there had sprung up between them a sort of intimacy by no means uncommon in such cases. To this man he therefore threw out all sorts of vague hints of his suspecting that something might have happened of late in or about the church, and that he considered it part of their official duties to make, in all quietness and secrecy, such searches on the spot, as would show whether these suspicions had any real foundation or not. They consequently went together to the church, and after having prudently looked the door from within, renewed in common the hitherto fruitless examination of the place. They went into every corner, and looked at everything, until they grew tired, and were on the point of giving up all hopes of finding any traces that might lead them to discover something, when the sexton perceived that one of the great flag stones in front of the altar, which covered the opening into one of the ancient family vaults under the church, had recently been moved. The good pastor seized with violent alarm, fearing to have his worst suspicions confirmed; and his friend soon participated, though as yet but vaguely, in his misgivings. By means of the tools which were used in digging the graves, and are usually kept in a remote corner of rural churches, as well as by dint of perseverance, the two succeeded at last, though not without much toil, in removing the heavy stone from its place. On descending into the vault, they were startled to find a perfectly new coffin, of plain wood, without any plate, or other indication upon it, to show whose remains it might contain. This induced them carefully to open it; and there lay the great lady, beautiful in death, as she had been during her lifetime, with her nuptial veil for a winding sheet. In her left breast there was a gun-shot wound, the bullet of which must have passed through her heart. The good pastor cried with awe and sorrow, for he thought of her pale and mournful look when he united her "until death" with the sullen bridegroom. The sexton was dumbstruck at first, but upon seeing that his master knew more about it, he pressed him until the story came out. Then they closed the coffin again, and replaced the large stone over the vault; and the clergyman made the sexton swear, before they left the church, that he would never, unless authorized by him, reveal the awful story.

In the meantime the foreign man-of-war had vanished before the next morning without a trace. The secret was most conscientiously kept by the two men, and nobody else in the place even so much as suspected what had happened during that night, and who had then been added to the silent inmates of Romsee church vault.

Some time after this, perhaps some years—for the epoch is not stated—the old clergyman became ill, and felt that his last hour was approaching. He was a really good man, and might have died in peace, if it had not been for the dreadful secret which was weighing heavily upon his conscience. By his oath of office each clergyman in Denmark is bound conscientiously to enter all such transactions as are connected with baptisms, marriages, and burials, and what else belongs to the offices of the church, in the parish register, in order that these records may, as the occasion requires, serve as legal evidence. For this reason, and because of the oath of secrecy which he had been frightened into swearing, he was sorely perplexed, until at last he could not bear it any longer. So he made his wife promise him also to keep the secret, whereupon he dictated the story to her, which she wrote into the church register. This statement he signed himself, and on account of its extraordinary nature, he made his wife and the sexton also put their signatures to it as witnesses. He then pasted the leaves of the book upon which the story was entered carefully together, in order that no one might see it at all events before his death. When, after the decease of the old cler-

gyman, a new incumbent was appointed to the parish of Romsee, and he came to look at the records of the church, his attention was of course attracted by these leaves, which had been pasted together with evident care. But, as it was part of his duty to be acquainted with their contents, he did not hesitate to separate them, and there he found, to his no small surprise, the above extraordinary story, formally written down and attested, so that it left no room for doubting its truth. As this event seemed to him equally strange and important, he wrote at once an official letter to his bishop, who forwarded it to the minister of Public Instruction in Copenhagen. By way of acknowledgment of this letter, he is said to have received a somewhat severe reply, rebuking him for such an excess of official zeal, and at the same time ordering him to send the register itself immediately to the capital. Some weeks afterwards the records of Romsee parish were returned to their proper place; but the leaves containing this story had been cut out. There the matter, as far as tradition is concerned, ends. Since the rumor has been prevalent that the strange ship was a Russian man-of-war, which brought a Russian prince to that secluded place, there secretly to be married to a princess of Götter, for political purposes. The object of this seems to have been, on the part of the bridegroom, to become united to this lady against her will, and then, after having secured for himself the advantages arising out of such a union, to get rid of his unhappy bride at the very moment when the fact of the marriage had been formally established.

AN ORIGINAL ZOUAVE LETTER.

The following is worthy the pen of the original "Dosticks," and is a pretty good take off on telegraphic reports:

I've just returned from witnessing one of the most mournful sights that ever made a man feel as though he had been peeling onions all the week and grating horse radish on Sunday. It was the dying scene of one of the Pet Lammie's down at Alexandria, and as one of Five's chaps remarked, it was enough to make the eye of a darning needle weep. Jim was the name of the sufferer—if he ever had any other, it had slipped his memory—though his affectionate relatives sometimes called him "Shorty." He was out on picket guard, when the Southern Confederacy attempted to pass him. He challenged the intruder, and called to his comrades for help; but before the latter arrived, the Southern Confederacy drew a masked battery from his pocket, and fired six heavy balls through the head of the unfortunate Zouave, nearly fracturing his skull, and breaking several panes of glass. The cowardly miscreant then fled to an adjoining fence, closely pursued by Sherman's artillery.

Upon discovering that he was wounded, Mr. Shorty examined the cap on his musket, and stood it carefully against a tree, but tumbled up his jacket to the neck, and asked his comrades for a chew of tobacco. Too full of emotion to speak, the gentlemanly comrade handed a plug of tobacco to the dying man, who cut off about half an ounce from it, placed it thoughtfully in his mouth, and then stuffed his handkerchief carefully in the hole in his forehead made by the shot.

"Is any of my brains hanging out?" he asked of his comrade.
"No, Shorty," answered the other, bursting into tears, "you never had any to hang out."

After this response, the dying man paused for a moment to spit in the eyes of a dog that was smelling round his heels, and then proceeded in the direction of the hospital. As he passed the officers' tent, I noticed that the top of his head was completely gone, and one of his eyes was half-way down the back of his neck. Upon entering the hospital, he took up a pipe and commenced to smoke it, at the same time giving us a history of his life and career. After finishing the pipe and history, he asked us to wrap him up in the American flag and died.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have heard that no such occurrence took place at Alexandria. The alarm was occasioned by the falling of a bundle of hay in the officers' quarters—the noise having been mistaken for the discharge of artillery. I have since learned that no accident has occurred, and that Shorty did not come with the regiment, but remained in New York.

A negro orator thus concludes an account of the death of a colored brother:—"De last word he was heard to say, de last word he was heard to speak, de last word he was heard to utter, de last word he eber pronounced, de last syllable he breathed, de last idea he eber ejaculated; yes, my brethren, de last word he was eber known to broove forth, sound or articulate, was—glory!" Such amplified perorations are sometimes to be heard from orators of renown.

"Say, Pete Jonsing, is swords 'bolished in de army?" "Ob course dey isn't Snowball, what makes you ax setch a stoopid question, you ignant?" "Ob, nuffin, only I heard tudder day dat five thousand sojers was a going to take de field with Sickles!"

Age is venerable in man, and would be in woman, if she ever became old.

LINES.

BY HAZEL.

The clouds sail lazily southward,
The sunshine drifts softly below;
All meadow and woodland lies dimpling
In the summer noon's vivid glow.

Afar off the hill tops tremble
In the radiant, ravishing heat,
And a million fantastic launces
Through the clover and cornfield meet.

Dragon flies skim through the ether,
Drunk with the delicious old wine,
Distilled from the rich heart of summer—
The passionate, flashing sunshine.

A dewy, subtle aroma
Haunts the dawning and dying day,
Of maples, ferns trodden, vines tangled,
And brown with the summer's decay.

Earth's fretted with perfumed breezes,
And ripe, with fruits purple in cluster;
There are dim knots of shade and vista
Aglow with mellow lustre.

The sky is azure, exultant,
And flaunts in her sun-set and stars;
She flings from her windows the curtains,
And sunbeams stream out through the bars.

The air wafts a wondrous murmur,
As of waves on a distant shore;
The white feet of angels trampling
Above us, or Heaven's gold floor.

We sit 'neath a dome of beauty,
Our hearts catch the marvelous dyes,
And our thoughts keep time with the floating
Of the clouds across the skies.

Our youth is rich as the August;
Our hopes are triumphant and bright;
But our dreams are phantoms that mock us,
And sink with the moon into night.

WHERE WE STAND.

The civil war has been in progress a little over six months. The prophecies of sanguine patriots have not been fulfilled; the prognostications of croakers and sympathizers with Rebellion are still farther from fulfillment. The Union army has failed to make advances southward as anticipated. The Rebels have been in a military sense cleared out of Maryland; Missouri is settling down to the possession of the loyalists; and Kentucky has exhibited a degree of Union feeling, and of participation in the War for the Government, as gratifying as to most men it has been unexpected. Mason and Dixon's line was the assumed northern boundary of the Southern Confederacy. Holding Maryland, one half of Virginia, two-thirds of Maryland, and Kentucky in great part, we have actually gained in territory, and crippled in so far the power of the Rebellion.

Yet in accomplishment the record is not altogether gratifying. The naval demonstrations upon the Southern coast have so far been confined to the affair at Hatteras Inlet. Our sailors have blown the Petrel to destruction, and have picked up a privateer or two; but the Sumpter still defies them, and preys upon our commerce. The expedition down the Mississippi has not achieved its mission, and has not yet started upon it. Our forces in Missouri have been driven from Springfield in the southwest northward, and are now no farther South than the Osage. In Western Virginia, the summer's campaign so splendidly begun by McClellan, has been to the last worthily maintained. The Potomac has been virtually closed to loyal vessels. Washington has been held, but Vienna, and Big Bethel, and Bull's Run, and Leesburg Heights, do not show an aggregate of achievements flattering to our arms.

We have failed to secure sweeping and grand results. The Rebels have failed much more signally. If we have not been able to run rough shod over their territory, they have been compelled to endure the presence of our troops on their sacred soil, and to see that, however slowly, they were steadily encroaching more and more upon them. Johnson and Beauregard have succeeded in making a stand at Manassas; they have not made the crossing of the Potomac which has so often been promised. They have lost the chief advantage of their years of preparation; their dazzling hopes and plans have been sobered down; they have learned that their schemes can not be consummated by knavery and diplomacy, and that they must buy success—if indeed they can attain it at all—at the cost of blood and treasure. Instead of the anticipated easy and speedy victory which the leaders promised to the Southern people, they see confronting them a long and costly war, which at best will impoverish them, and unavoidably radically modify their institutions, since they cannot remain merely an agricultural people, and the introduction of manufactures will constitute a social revolution.

In preparation, the Government has been efficient, and has accomplished all that could have been expected of it. If not yet victorious, we are now prepared for war. The Rebels have not gained so many or so important fields, as in view of their advance in arming and recruiting, would have been anticipated. The peaceful habits of our people have been overcome, and they have become familiar with the idea of war. They accept it as a necessity, and have determined to carry it to a successful issue. Disaster has added intensity to the determination. The first impulses of sacrifice—the pledges of men and money to any required extent—have been embodied in acts, and renewed in deliberation without stint or condition. If we have not ended the war, we have made ready for it. We have

learned its proportions, and coolly calculated that prolonged and terrible as it may be, it will be to us worth all it can cost. We have an army of three hundred and fifty thousand men in the field; they are equipped with the best accoutrements and arms which money and skill combined can produce; they are having the advantage of drill and discipline, and if we have not had experienced officers, we are making them. The Republic has escaped the danger of a sudden conspiracy, and of a blow from an armed hand upon its naked breast. It is now surrounded and defended by its aroused sons. If it shall fall, it will be in conflict, after its citizens have proved themselves unworthy or unable to protect it.

The worst result of the summer's campaign is that our flag has lost some prestige. It was insulted as it floated on the Star of the West. It was rabbled on Fort Sumpter. It has wavered and retreated in Eastern Virginia. It has been captured in Missouri. It has not swept as victoriously southward, as we all hoped. It has not verified our boasts. It has not gone of itself by the intrinsic magic of its beauty and its memories, conquering and conquering. It has taught us, that it must be carried by loyal arms and fearless hearts, and be put up where it belongs amid an iron hail and the shedding of blood. Were the war to close to-day, the military capacity and character of the loyal States would not stand as patriots would desire to have it. We have learned to speak modestly of our military achievements, for the best reasons. No great nation can afford to accept a tarnished reputation, can go into history as unequal in strategy and arms to its fathers or its contemporaries. The prestige we have lost, must be regained—it is essential to our self respect, as well as to our standing in the congress of nations.

The review of the summer's campaign shows losses and gains. We are better off to-day in all that makes a nation, than we have been at any time since our troubles began. We do not shut our eyes to personal jealousies in high places. But if the dogged determination of the American people is as we believe, fully aroused, a successful result to the war is only a question of time.—Oncida (N. Y.) Herald.

THE ARMED EXILES OF EAST TENNESSEE.

The Hon. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, said in his speech at Columbus, referring to a visit to Camp Dick Robinson:

"The other day, when I stood in the presence of two thousand Tennesseans, exiled like myself from their homes of comfort and the families of their love, I found that my manhood and sternness of mind were all nothing, and that I was only a child. There they were, my friends and my fellow citizens of my beloved State, gathered upon the friendly soil of Kentucky, from the tender stripping of sixteen to the grey haired fathers of sixty, all mourning the evil that has befallen our land and our homes, but all seeking for arms wherewith to go back and drive the invaders from our fields and hearthstones. I essayed to speak to them words of counsel and encouragement, but speech was denied me. I stood before them as one who is dumb. If it be true that out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, it is also true that the heart may be too full for the utterance of speech. And such were ours—two thousand of us exiled Tennesseans and all silent! Silent as a city of the dead! But there was no torpor there. There were the bounding heart and throbbing brain, there were the burning cheek and blazing eye, all more eloquent than ever were the utterings of human speech. Each of that throng of exiles, who had wandered among the mountains and hid in their caverns, who had slept in the forest and squeezed themselves one by one through the pickets of the invaders, each was now offering comfort and pledging fidelity to the other. Youth and age were banding together in a holy alliance that will never yield till our country and our flag, our Government and our Constitution, are bathed in the sunlight of peace, and consecrated by the baptism of patriotic blood.

There were their homes, and there too is mine—right over there. And yet we were homeless exiles! And why? Was it for crime? Had we violated any law? Had we offended the majesty of our government, or done wrong to any human being? Nay, none of these. Our fault, and our only fault, was loving our country too well to permit its betrayal. And for this the remorseless agents of that "sum of all villainies," Secession, drove us from our families and firesides, and made us exiles and wanderers. But the time shall soon come when we wanderers will go home! For depend upon it my friends, this monstrous iniquity cannot long subsist. Some bolt of Heaven's righteous vengeance "red with uncommon wrath, will blast the traitors in their high estates." But whatever they may do—though they may ravage our State and make desolate our homes, though they convert the cares of our mountains into sepulchres, and turn our valleys and plains into graveyards, there is still one thing they cannot do—they never can, while God reigns, make East Tennessee a land of Slaves!"

Why are the secessionists at sea like a bad mill site? Because their water power isn't worth a dam.